DANIEL WEBSTER.

Some Traits of the Great Expounder of the Constitution.

[illegible] one of the noblest traits of [illegible] Webster's character that he [illegible] treated the men who worked for [illegible] as menials. For Porter Wright he [illegible] always entertained the highest regard, [illegible] Wright was a constant companion [illegible] his hunting and fishing excursions. [illegible] probably no man living knows so much [illegible] about the inner life of Webster, of his [illegible] habits, customs, and disposition as Mr. [illegible] Wright, and it was from his lips that [illegible] learned many of the facts I shall relate.

The old man was chopping wood when I reached his house but on learning my errand replied in cheery tones: "Come in, come in. Ah, yes, Mr. Webster was a grand man, and we shall never see his like again. He left a gap in Marshfield that can never be filled." It didn't seem to occur to his honest mind that the death of Webster left a gap in the entire nation that could never be filled. To his simple mind the whole life of Webster was a matter of secondary importance to Webster as a farmer, a fisherman and a boon companion. From him I learned more of Webster's home life and of his character as a man than from all the histories and biographies that have ever been written. He assured me that a man of more simple habits never lived. In style he cared absolutely nothing. In his dress about home he could not be distinguished from any of his farmer or fishermen neighbors. Rarely did he wear a collar. An old slouch hat covered his head, and his trousers were always tucked inside of his boots.

It was only when he removed his hat, showing the massive proportions of his brain, that you realized that you were standing in the presence of a mighty genius. When Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, saw his bust in the studio of Powers, at Rome, he exclaimed: "Ah! a new design of a Jupiter, see." He could hardly be persuaded that it was the actual head of a living American.

Every man, woman and child in the neighborhood had a full run of Webster's house, from cellar to garret. Whenever a man came in, the first thing he did was to open the sideboard, take down the old decanter, and pour out a glass of brandy. If the visitor drank, he was doubly welcome; if he refused, it immediately lowered him in Webster's estimation.

Of children he was particularly fond. Strange children would nestle in his arms as readily as those who were familiar with his features. Mr. Wright continued:

"No human being could induce him to say a word about politics here. It was a tabooed subject. If any one mentioned politics, his brow darkened in an instant."

Farming, fishing, horses, cattle, pigs, and hens—these were his favorite themes. He knew every one of his cattle by name as well as he knew the names of his brother Senators. Of his garden he was very proud, and here he would spend a portion of each day pulling weeds and hoeing vegetables.

A young lawyer of the village once came and asked him what he had better study to build himself up in his profession.

"Turnip seeds," was the laconic reply. The disciple of Blackstone followed his advice. He studied up everything that bore upon the subject of turnips, until he became a master of the principles of that vegetable. A year or two afterward a neighboring farmer originated a new turnip, from the sale of whose seed he expected to make a fortune. Another neighbor began to raise and sell the same seed, and a lawsuit resulted. The originator of the seed came to retain Webster to prosecute the case. Webster replied:

"I am not as well booked up on turnips as I ought to be, but there is a young fellow over at the village who knows all about them. Go and get him. He will win your case."

The farmer posted off and engaged the other man. When the trial came off the lawyer astonished Judge, jury and audience by his profound learning on the subject of turnips. The case was triumphantly won, and the young lawyer started on the road to fame and fortune.

Webster's sense of humor was intuitive. On one occasion a man presented a bill to him for payment.

"Why," said Webster, "I have paid that bill before."

The neighbor assured him that he was mistaken.

"All right, then; call again in the morning, and I will settle with you."

As soon as the man was gone Webster called his son, Fletcher, and told him to look over his papers and see if he could not find a receipted bill. To the surprise of both, two receipted bills were found, showing that the bill had been paid twice. Webster put the receipts in his pocket and said nothing.

In the morning the neighbor returned for the money. Webster took his seat under the old elm, and ordered Wright to bring out the decanter. Filling the glass to the brim, he handed it to the man and told him to drink. Webster then began:

"Mr. Blank, do you keep books?"

The man assured him that he did not.

"Then I would advise you to do so," said Webster, and pulling one of the receipts from his pocket handed it to him.

The man was covered with confusion, while Webster continued:

"And while you are about it you had better get a bookkeeper who understands double entry!" at the same time handing him another receipt.

"Now," said Webster, "I am going to pay this bill just once more, but I assure you upon my word of honor that I will not pay it the fourth time!"

The one great pastime that Webster enjoyed in Marshfield was fishing. For hours he would wander up and down the streams and across the meadows. As a rule, however, he enjoyed "fisherman's luck." It was rarely that he caught a fish, unless by its own carelessness it became entangled on the hook and couldn't escape. The fish would nibble all the bait from the hook without his ever pulling the line from the water.

When a little way ahead or behind he was always muttering to himself, and many of his grandest speeches were composed while on these excursions. On his return he would always throw himself under the old elm tree in the dooryard and enjoy a short nap while resting from his fatigue.

On my rising to leave the house Mr. Wright placed his hands upon my shoulders and said: "Would you like a story that has never before appeared in print?"

I assured him that nothing would please me better.

"Well, I have told you that Mr. Webster would never speak on politics when here, but he would talk to the assembled neighbors and guests on matters pertaining to farming. On one occasion some Boston friends presented him with an enormous plough to use on his farm. Webster gave out word that on a certain day it would be christened. The day arrived, and the surrounding farmers for miles came to witness the event. A dozen teams with aristocratic occupants came down from Boston. It was expected by every one that Webster would make a great speech on the occasion, reviewing the history of farming back to the time when Cincinnatus abdicated the most mighty throne in the world to cultivate cabbages in his Roman garden.

"The plough was brought out, and ten yoke of splendid oxen were hitched in front. More than two hundred people stood around on the tiptoe of expectation. Webster soon made his appearance. He had been calling spirits from the vasty deep, and his gait was somewhat uncertain. Seizing the plough handles and spreading his feet he yelled to me in his deep bass voice:

"'Are you ready, Wright?'

"'All ready, Mr. Webster,' was the reply, meaning of course for the speech.

"Webster straightened himself up by a mighty effort and shouted:

"'Then let her rip!'

"The whole crowd dropped to the ground and roared with laughter, while Webster, with his big plough, proceeded to rip up the soil. This same plough can now be seen on top of the Faneuil Hall market in Boston, and is a conspicuous object for miles around.

"Would you like to have a little souvenir of your visit to Webster's home?" asked Mr. Wright, as the writer was about to leave. "Here, come with me, and I will give you something. Look in this old trunk and see this pile of letters that he used to write to me from Washington. I treasure them very highly, but you shall have one. Take your pick."

Here was a find, indeed. I rummaged the letters over, and finally selected one that I considered most characteristic of the man. It was about farming and cattle. It also puts a new light on his character as a debtor. It is well known that he was a poor financier, and the great public believes that he didn't want to pay his debts; that he had no desire to do so. This letter, written from the Senate chamber, shows conclusively that he was willing to sell anything to pay debts. For this reason it is a letter of great historical value. It corrects public misconception of his character.

Here it is:

"Washington, Feb. 2, '58.

"Porter Wright: Mr. Weston will hand you $100, and I will try to send you some more soon.

"I have no objection to parting with the Ames steers or the Hazeltine, or both, for money to pay debts, at a fair price, but I do not care about exchanging with Mr. Delano. The offer you have made ($15) is enough—I would not give any more. Mr. Ames may take the Brown oxen—indeed, I would sell almost anything to pay debts. But everything seems low.

"If you do not trade with Mr. Delano, we will fatten the mountaineers, and look up something else for beef, next month, when I come home. If we keep the white-faced oxen, the black and red steers, the large Durham steers, and the jumpers, we shall do pretty well for teams, though another pair for Fletcher's barn might be useful. The Locke oxen, perhaps, might go there.

"I have written Mr. Stevens of the Revere House about the potatoes. He will write for what he wants. I will take Mr. Sampson's. How is it about ice?

"Please write me once a week.

"Yrs., DANIEL WEBSTER.

MYSTERIES OF THE MOON.

Interesting Observations by Prof. Pickering of Harvard.

In a broad, flat expanse on the moon's northern hemisphere, known to astronomers as the Mare Serenitatis, there is a whitish spot some four miles in diameter to which the name of Linne has been given. It has been assiduously watched for many years, because about 1866 something occurred which caused a wonderful change in its appearance. Before it looked like a crater but little elevated above the plain and its throat filled with black shadow. Suddenly, instead of a crater, it appeared as a white spot. Later on a dark center showed in the spot, as if the missing crater had yawned again beneath its mysterious covering. But no further change occurred, and as more than thirty years have since passed without any alteration in the aspect of Linne some astronomers have begun to question whether the observers of a quarter of a century ago did not make a mistake.

Now Prof. Pickering rescues Linne's reputation as a genuine marvel, but at the same time increases the mystery. Watching it during the eclipse, when the shadow of the earth passed like a cooling cloud across the face of the moon, he found by careful measurements that the size of the white spot surrounding Linne increased while buried in the shadow, the amount of the expansion in the diameter of the spot being about one-sixth of a mile. As the eclipse passed off it began to contract again.

But this is not all. Measurements of the enigmatical spot made when there was no eclipse showed that it undergoes a similar but much more extensive fluctuation in consequence of the variation in the intensity of the sunlight falling upon it in the course of the lunar day. A day upon the moon is equal to about fourteen of our days—that is to say, nearly two weeks elapse between sunrise and sunset at any point on the face of the moon. Measurements of Linne made two days after the sun has risen upon it give it a diameter of nearly five miles. Measured after it has been exposed eight days to the unclouded sun its diameter is less than two miles and a half. During the long lunar afternoon, as the sun gradually sinks and the fierceness of its heat becomes a little tempered, Linne begins to increase again in diameter, and when the sun gets near the horizon the wonderful spot is seen to have almost regained the magnitude that it had just after emerging from the lunar night.

These changes suggest frost spreading in the shadow and receding in the sunshine, or a cloud alternately growing and contracting under similar influences. The fact discovered by Prof. Pickering that even the shadow of the earth falling for a short time upon the spot causes it to expand to a measurable degree shows how sensitive it is to alternations of temperature.

But frost or a cloud upon the moon pre-supposes an atmosphere and vapors there. They certainly must be widely different from such things upon the earth, but if they are abundant enough to cause motions and changes visible to our eyes, their presence may possibly indicate the existence of yet more interesting things in the lunar world.

It should be added—because the fact, while at present increasing the mystery, may in the end aid in solving it—that changes like those witnessed in Linne do not appear to affect most of the other well-known markings on the moon. At the time of his eclipse observations Prof. Pickering carefully watched three or four remarkable localities on the lunar surface, where craters yawn or flat plains lie extended, but not the slightest alteration was observed in their forms or appearance during the time that Linne was expanding under the chilling effect of the earth's shadow and then shrinking again as the untempered blaze of the sun fell upon it.

There is, however, at least one other locality on the moon where curious changes of similar origin have been detected—the ring-shaped plain called Plato. This is also in the northern lunar hemisphere, about 500 miles from Linne. It is astonishingly regular in outline, about sixty miles in diameter, very flat and completely encircled with lofty, steep and sharp-peaked mountains—as fine a valley for a nation of hermits to inhabit as could well be imagined. A few thousand Boer riflemen stationed on the kopjes of Plato could make it safe from invasion against the entire lunar world. In this singular mountain-ringed valley it has been noticed that the rising sun, just peering above the surrounding peaks, looks down upon a vast whitish gray expanse, filling the whole of the immense interior. But as the solar orb swings clear of the mountain tops and the shadows of the pinnacles and ridges become shorter upon the plain beneath the gray color first brightens and then rapidly fades over all the surface of the valley until at lunar noon Plato has turned almost black, while at the same time its inclosing mountains of chalky whiteness are ablaze with the sunshine.

These appearances, taken in connection with the remarkable phenomena reported by Prof. Pickering, indicate that there are certain places on the moon where the contrast between daylight and darkness or between heat and cold manifests peculiar effects, and in those places the search for further discoveries should be pushed. Some day our silent satellite may astonish us with revelations of greater human interest than any that far-away Mars can offer.

HOW MANY MILES DOES A WOMAN WALK IN DOING ONE DAY'S WORK?

Occupation—	Time.	Steps.	Feet.	Miles.
Getting breakfast	7 a. m. to 7:45	660	990	.19
Washing dishes and cleaning house	8:00 to 10:45	7,260	11,889	2.29
Washing and dressing baby	10:45 to 11:40	1,760	2,640	.50
Going to market	11:40 to 12:10	1,320	1,980	.37
Getting lunch	12:10 to 1 p.m.	1,980	2,970	.56
Washing dishes and putting kitchen to rights	1:30 to 2:05	1,540	2,310	.43
Ironing	2:05 to 3:20	660	990	.19
Baby for airing	3:20 to 4:25	2,420	3,630	.69
Getting dinner	4:45 to 6:00	2,640	3,960	.76
Cleaning up	6:45 to 7:40	1,870	2,805	.53
Tending baby	7:40 to 8:05	1,100	1,650	.31
Odd jobs	8:05 to 9:00	2,090	3,135	.59
Total		25,960	38,940	7.38

Just how many steps a housewife takes a day has long been an interesting question. It has never before been answered.

The New York State Household Economic Association discussed it at its recent conference. The only conclusion arrived at was that the mileage involved was something stupendous.

The idea of collecting information on the subject for use as a basis of reform originated at the farm reading course of the College of Agriculture. The faculty deemed it of sufficient importance to send Miss Martha Van Rensselaer to Cornell to collect statistics bearing along that line.

The underlying motive in collecting these statistics is educational. They are to be used not merely to show the vast amount of work done by a wife and mother within the limit of her own home, but to teach women how one step can be made to do the work of two.

Meanwhile the New York Sunday World has solved the problem in the most practical way. At its request Mrs. Jesse Williams of 185 East One Hundred and Seventeenth street, has worn a pedometer for one day.

Mrs. Williams is the originator of the School of Matrimony, is the author of a recent series of articles on housekeeping in the Sunday World, and is a high authority upon the subject.

During the day she went about her housework as usual. The routine was in no way varied. She arose at 7 a. m. and retired at 9 p. m. She lives in a small, five-room flat. She has only one child, a baby ten months old. Her life is that of the average housekeeper. She does all her own work and attends to her baby. She keeps her house neat, but avoids unnecessary labor. The pedometer shows that in the performance of her daily duties she walked seven and two-fifth miles.

Mrs. Williams is thoroughly systematic. She has studied the art of economizing steps. And yet in one day she took 35,960 steps.

According to the testimony of the pedometer, if woman's work is never done it is not her fault. She walks almost 2,000 miles a year trying to get to the end of it. And then she starts out again.

At this rate she has a wonderful record for pedestrianism after twenty years of housekeeping, for even if she never walks any outside of her own home she will have traveled nearly 60,000 miles. Those are probably under rather than over estimates. Mrs. Williams is a more than usually expert housekeeper, and "makes every step count." And in all the calculations a "step" has been figured at only eighteen inches, which is probably a low average.

Mrs. Williams kept a careful memorandum of how she spent her time. This is her statement of one day's work:

"As I was told by the Sunday World not to make any change in my plans, but to go on with my usual duties, I did not take a single step that I could avoid. It is true I was busy all day, but I am quite busy every day. I arose at 7 a. m., dressed and began to prepare breakfast, which consisted of sliced pineapple, soft-boiled eggs, lamb chops, tea and rolls. It was ready at 7:45 and I was rather proud to see that I had walked only one-fifth of a mile.

"As the baby did not wake up I washed the dishes, straightened up the kitchen and cleaned the house. There were three beds to make. I also swept and dusted the rooms. On days when I do not have this particular work to do there are washing, ironing, washing windows, scrubbing and many other duties that make up the week's work.

"The pedometer showed that I had traveled two and three-quarters miles in merely getting my house in order. This seemed incredible, for I had walked and worked so fast that I had not realized the many little steps I was taking.

"After glancing over the morning paper for a few minutes, I washed and dressed the baby, and in waiting on her journeyed half a mile. This always occupies one hour. I started to market and got back at 12:10, having only added one-third of a mile by this little outdoor trip.

"It was now time to get lunch. As this consisted of calm bouillon, tomato omlette, lettuce salad, rolls and marmalade, there was not much cooking to be done. But the faithful hand of the pedometer moved up a mile and a half by the time it was ready and another two-fifths of a mile when the dishes were washed and everything again in its place.

"There was a little ironing to be done. This did not, apparently, involve many steps, but the hand swung around three-eighths of a mile when it was through. In the meantime I had been called to the door and had to go in to see about baby several times, which helped the register along.

"It was now time to take baby for her airing. I hurried to get her ready, and we went out for an hour. This added three-quarters of a mile to the account. On my return I began to get dinner, and by 6 o'clock it was on the table. As this is the most elaborate meal of the day and calls for a good deal of work, I did not feel that I had wasted any steps when the pedometer showed that I had walked three-quarters of a mile while preparing it.

"We lingered over dinner for three-quarters of an hour, and I was glad to silence the pedometer for that length of time. The hand was creeping along in an amazing fashion, taking note of every little step that I would not have considered worth mentioning. But every one of these steps was now being added to the account, and they were making miles in a marvelous way.

"When dinner was over there were the dishes to wash, the kitchen to put in order, the baby to be undressed and put to bed, and everything arranged for the night. When 9 o'clock came and I was ready to retire the pedometer showed a total of seven and two-fifth miles that I had walked during the day.

"And I am not what might be called a very busy woman, as I have a small home and only three in family. As a rule, I am not tired at nightfall, but when I looked at the record of my day's journeying I felt that I ought to be used up.

"If there was an instrument that would register what the hands do as well as the feet the figures would be something startling."

THE LAST SCRAP.

An Athletic Governor.

"My son is going to wrestle with Governor Roosevelt, and he's going to throw him, too," is a statement credited to Captain Henry B. Turner, a Seventh New York regiment veteran. He is referring to the young man who has an appointment to wrestle with the Governor of the Empire State at the New York Athletic Club within the next few days. "Charley" Turner is described as a chunkey little fellow, every inch of him bone and sinew. He holds the amateur championship for wrestling at light weight. Like his father and his brothers, he enlisted in Company F, Seventh regiment, as soon as he became of age. When war came he went out with the naval reserves and was assigned to duty on the Elfrida, which was scouting outside Sandy Hook. One of his exploits was the defeat of Commander Max Orlopp of that vessel, which achievement made him champion of the crew.

Governor Roosevelt was a renowned athlete during his college days, and his life on the plains after his graduation at Harvard only served to harden his muscles. Since he became Governor he has taken wrestling lessons from a well known professional in Albany. The Governor of New York takes to athletics entirely as a matter of business. He believes that good physical health is necessary to the conduct of his office on the strenuous lines he has marked out for himself. He sees no reason why the executive of a great State should not indulge in innocent and healthful recreation, particularly as it helps to equip him for the better performance of his public duties. The effort made in certain too fastidious quarters in New York to discourage the forthcoming friendly wrestling match has resulted only in impressing the Governor with the conviction that it should be carried out as originally planned, if for no other reason than to break down the useless prejudice existing among professional pursuits against a manly sport.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Slippery English.

Scribner's Magazine for May goes to considerable trouble to prove that the rules of grammar should not be accepted as the shibboleth of intellect. Passing over the numerous instances of bad construction charged against such respectable ancients as Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakespeare, Sterne, Fielding, Ben Jonson, and even that "other monster of exactitude," Dr. Johnson, the writer gives examples of execrable grammar in the works of Thackeray, Scott, Lytton, Du Maurier and Hardy.

As a rebuke to those who constantly watch for bad specimens of what is sometimes alluded to sarcastically in the magazines as "newspaper" or "reporter's" English, it may not be amiss to quote a few choice bits from famous writers who had ample opportunity to correct in proof their first and second mistakes.

A sentence saying that "everybody went away having pretensions to politeness, and with them" would hardly pass muster in the editorial rooms of a well-managed newspaper, and yet Thackeray used those words in "Vanity Fair." This "master of English diction" could write not only very bad but very bungling and unintelligible English at times, as, for instance, in "The Newcomes," when he tells his bewildered readers that "Miss Cann, who was from Bayhams, having been a governess to the young lady who is dead, and who now makes such a livelihood as she can best raise by going out as a daily teacher."

Du Maurier wrote in "Trilby" that his heroine "appeared in slippers without heels, but which her feet had ennobled," which was rather a remarkable performance, as the heels were missing. Bulwer Lytton told how "scarcely had she gone than Clodius and several of his gay companions broke in." But Hardy in his "Madding Crowd" surpassed both when he wrote of "the groups of religious men still occupied in doing all they could to keep down the conflagration which was not much."

These are only a few of the many instances in which the best literary craftsmen of the nineteenth century fell into error, but they are sufficient to prove the mother tongue so slippery that it requires vigilant watching, not only in the hurly-burly of newspaper offices, but also in the quiet of the bookman's study.

Cooling Water in Nicaragua.

"That reminds me," said a railroad man, who had been a listener, "of the primitive method of cooling water in vogue in Mexico and Central America. The principle is perfectly simple, but there is a certain knack about the thing that I have never known a white man to fully acquire.

"When a native in one of the broiling hot little villages of interior Nicaragua wants to cool some water, she fills a half-gallon earthenware jar about two-thirds full. Parenthetically I say 'she,' because this is a task that requires more energy than any male Nicaraguan was ever known to possess. The jar is made of baked clay, and, not being glazed, is partially porous and soon becomes moist on the outside. Two leather straps are firmly attached to the neck, and, seizing these in her hands, she begins to rotate the jar swiftly in the air. The mouth is wide open, but centrifugal action keeps the liquid from flying out. The average native woman is frail and listless in appearance, but the endurance which they exhibit at this sort of calisthenics is marvellous. It is about the same as swinging Indian clubs, and I am afraid to say how long I have seen them keep it up, lest you might set me down as a prize liar. Generally the lord and master lies in one corner of their 'jacal,' or hut, smoking a cigarette and watching the operation languidly. When the woman thinks the water is sufficiently cool, she stops with a dextrous twist of the wrist, and hands him the jar. Usually he takes a gulp, growls out 'Moocha calora!' which is native patois for 'blamed hot,' and she begins again, patiently describing pinwheels. I have never made a test with a thermometer, but I assure you they can reduce tepid water to the temperature of a very cool mountain spring."

Was a Friend in Need.

David Christie Murray, the well-known author, told in print some time ago the story of the hardships of his first year in London. After carrying about his manuscripts in vain from one publishing house to another, he found himself penniless and homeless. He slept upon the Thames embankment for two nights. For two days he had not eaten food.

On the third morning he was standing on London bridge, looking gloomily into the black water, when the editor of a newspaper who knew him passed with a hasty nod. He hesitated, looked at him, and came back.

"Oh, Murray," he cried, "you are just the man I want! Can you spare a couple of hours?"

"Yes," Murray said, dryly.

"I want an article on—on Columbus for tomorrow. Birthday article. Nothing labored—no dry dates. Something light, fanciful—you understand? Go to the office. You'll find paper and pens ready. Send it to my desk. And, oh, by the way, I may not be there in time. We'll settle in advance," thrusting a couple of sovereigns into his hand.

"I wrote the article," said Murray, "and found out long afterward that the birthday of Columbus did not come for months. From that day success came to me. That man saved my life."

Of almsgiving, as of the giving of advice, it may be said:

Its value all depends upon
The way in which it's done.

—Youth's Companion.

Other people besides Paul Krueger have "seen visions and dreamed dreams." As long ago as June 13, 1897, the Rev. C. Spoelstra of Pretoria, on a day set apart for humiliation and prayer on account of the rinderpest scourge, made use of the following significant and prophetic words: "I hear, in spirit, a noise as that of an army marching from all sides on to this land. I hear the clash of swords, the rifle volleys, the thunder of the cannon. A desperate struggle ensues—a struggle of life and death. It is decisive—the inheritance of the fathers falls into the hands of the enemy." A royalist paper, the Grahamstown Journal, asserts, indeed, that the authenticity of the report is beyond all doubt—as we hope the fact will prove.